

## **Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 771**

After all, Sam was the brother of Shane's father. How could he be so cruel?

Of course, the one person who caused Shane to feel the greatest disappointment was none other than David.

To protect Sam, David had ignored the tragic death of his other son. No wonder Grandpa said that he was sorry before he committed suicide. In a craze, Shane swept his hand out in a wide arc. With a single blow, all of the objects on the coffee table went clattering to the floor.

Crash

The glassware shattered into tiny pieces.

Upon hearing the loud noise, Silas assumed that an accident had occurred. He barged into the office.

"Mr. Shane..." Silas trailed off into silence. Shane was standing in front of the couch with his head lowered. A terrifying and deadly aura was emanating from Shane's figure. Silas

trembled in fear when he noticed Shane's ominous temperament.

"Mr. Shane, are you alright?" Silas mustered his courage and asked fearfully.

"I want to meet Grandpa's assistant," Shane replied in an impassive tone.

"Okay, I will arrange it right away." Silas did not ask any further questions and nodded in an immediate reply.

Shane made his way to the place of David's previous assistant.

He lingered there for a long time and asked a barrage of questions.

The answer that he obtained was identical to his guess and Natalie's explanation. Yulia had

not caused the death of his parents. They were murdered by Sam's henchmen.

This sudden and profound conclusion left Shane wholly stunned. When he left the place, his gait was unsteady as he could not process the devastating truth. Shane would have stumbled down the stairs if Silas hadn't reached out to catch him.

"Mr. Shane, are we returning to the villa?" Silas asked. His heart ached to see Shane in such a state of distress.

The true killer of Shane's father was not Natalie's Mom; it was Sam. Mr. Shane's cold treatment toward Natalie was all for naught. Natalie was hurt by Mr. Shane's actions. I'm sure that he's feeling guilty right now.

"Yes," Shane rasped out with a nod.

He wanted to see Natalie and beg for her forgiveness. This is all my fault.

"Alright." Silas helped Shane to the car and drove toward the villa.

When they arrived at the villa, it was already dark outside.

Shane was greeted with silence when he strolled into the villa. If it weren't for the sounds

that resonated from the kitchen, he would have assumed that the villa was deserted.

"Mrs. Wilson!" Shane called out.

Hearing his yell, Mrs. Wilson rushed out hurriedly. "Sir, why are you back?"

"Where is Madam?" Shane returned her question with one of his own.

Usually, Natalie and the two children would greet him when he returned.

However, he

noticed that their shoes were missing when he crossed the entrance. Are they still outside

and have yet to return?

Mrs. Wilson began to panic when Shane asked about Natalie. "Sir, please bring Madam

back! She was crying when she returned this afternoon. She packed all of her belongings

and moved back to the apartment!"

"What?" The color drained from Shane's face. "She moved back?"

"That's right, I tried my best to stop her, but she wouldn't listen to me. Sir, please bring

Madam back.” Mrs. Wilson nodded profusely.  
Shane pressed his lips into a thin line and he was about to say something when he was cut off by Mrs. Wilson.  
Looking like she had recalled something else, Mrs. Wilson said, “I just remembered something. Madam mentioned that she left something for you in the room. She asked for you to look at it when you returned.” She pointed to the stairs.  
Hearing this, Shane made his way upstairs immediately.  
Shane opened the door to the room. The furnishings were spick and span. However, Natalie’s belongings had vanished. She really moved all of her stuff out! There’s absolutely nothing left!  
A sinking feeling bloomed in his heart as realization dawned upon him. Shane remained rooted in place as he surveyed the entire room. All of a sudden, his gaze landed on the object on the bed. That must be the thing that Natalie left for me.  
He strode over to find a file.  
The file reminded him of the divorce settlement from earlier.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 772

Could it be...

Shane narrowed his eyes and opened the folder.  
As suspected, the divorce papers were in there.  
The aura surrounding him instantly turned cold. He took the document out of the folder and tore it into pieces before tossing it in the air.  
As the shredded paper fluttered in the air, his cruel expression floated to the surface. That was a face that could terrify an army.  
You want a divorce? Not. A. Chance.  
He never considered a divorce, even when he thought that the driver who killed his parents might have been Yulia.  
Now that he had learned that it was all a misunderstanding, there was no way he would

agree to a divorce.

Thinking about it got Shane to turn around and walk down the stairs. He headed right for the door.

Mrs. Wilson saw him walking out, so she called out and asked, "Sir, where are you headed to?"

"To drag the runaway back home!" replied Shane grimly before he slammed the door to the villa.

Mrs. Wilson grinned.

She could tell that he had changed. He has turned back to the doctor he used to be. I have

no idea what happened to make him change like that, but I am glad. Shane drove all the way to the apartment.

He was able to shorten the fifty-minutes-drive there to half an hour, earning him the target of the traffic police as they chase him down.

In the end, Shane got two tickets for reckless driving.

He stared at the tickets he had with him and huffed before he shoved them into his pocket.

He walked into the apartment after that.

Natalie and the kids were eating together at the time.

All three of them turned to the door when they heard the doorbell ringing.

"I'll go open the door, Mommy," said Connor. He was ready to crawl down from his chair immediately.

Natalie stopped him and instructed, "Be good and stay here. I'll go answer the door."

It was late at night, so Natalie didn't want to risk having her kids open the door. Who knows what kind of lunatic is out there?

Connor might be a genius, but he's still a kid with a tiny figure. He couldn't possibly fight against an adult.

Natalie cooed her kids before setting her cutleries down and went to open the door.

When she was right behind the door, she turned on the intercom to check who the visitor was.

She was stunned when she saw Shane there.

What is he doing here?

Natalie bit her lip a little. She didn't know if she should open the door. Shane seemed to have sensed that he was being spied on because he tilted his head up and

looked right into the camera before demanding, "Open the door."

Natalie understood that he was talking to her, so she bit down and answered, "There's no

need for that. You should go home."

"Open the door!" demanded Shane once again.

Natalie frowned and complained, "Shane Thompson, what do you want? Shouldn't you be

looking into what I said earlier today? Why are you here?"

"I already did," answered Shane in a deep voice.

Natalie was stunned in place.

That was fast.

"Is that so? And what is the result of your investigation? Was I telling the truth or..."

"You were telling the truth," interrupted Shane.

Natalie's eyes instantly reddened as tears threatened to roll down her cheeks.

She took a few deep breaths and tilted her head up to stop her tears from rolling down. Still,

her voice was a little thick when she asked, "Oh? Then what are you doing here now?"

"I want to apologize," replied Shane. He was direct and had no intention of hiding the truth.

Natalie scoffed and retaliated, "So what? Am I supposed to just accept your apology? Can

your apology really make up for all the pain and suffering you caused me during that period?

It doesn't work that way, Shane."

"I know," muttered Shane as he tilted his head down in shame.

He had already mentally prepared himself and knew that his apology would not be accepted that easily.

However, he still had to apologize.

"If you know, then you should leave," said Natalie to chase him away.

In response, Shane simply stood there, motionless.

Natalie frowned in displeasure and growled, "Don't tell me that you're just going to stand there and keep waiting, Shane Thompson."

"I want to see you," said Shane.

Natalie understood what he really meant.

So I guess he won't leave unless I open the door and let him in, or talk to him in person, huh.

Natalie was so angry that she was grinning.

What kind of a man is he? How can he still be so shameless at a time like this?

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 773

Does he think he can just threaten me? Does he really think that I'd be scared?

"Fine, if you're so adamant about waiting, then go ahead!" growled Natalie before she turned

the intercom off and returned to the dining table.

She was a little exasperated when she saw how both her kids were staring at her and not

eating properly. She pulled up a chair and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Mommy, is that Daddy?" asked Sharon while blinking innocently.

Connor never said a word, but his expression showed that he wanted to ask the same question.

Natalie had no intentions to hide anything from the kids. As such, she stroked Sharon's head

and replied calmly with a smile, "You shouldn't call him Daddy anymore. Address him as Mr.

Shane from now on."

Even though Shane had already learned the truth and knew that Natalie's mom was not the driver who killed his parents, she still wanted a divorce from him.

Sharon seemed reluctant to change how she addressed Shane, but her mom seemed persistent, so she murmured an affirmative reply. "Mommy, what is Mr. Shane doing here?" asked Connor. "I don't know. I didn't ask," lied Natalie while shifting her gaze away. Connor saw through the lie, but he didn't point it out. He nodded and replied, "I see. Okay." "Mommy, aren't you going to let Mr. Shane in?" asked Sharon again as she sipped some soup from her spoon. Natalie shook her head and answered, "No, just leave things be. You two are not allowed to open the door as well, okay?" "Okay," muttered Sharon before she stopped asking questions. With that, dinner went on as usual. As for Shane, he remained standing behind the door. He knew that Natalie wouldn't open the door, and he understood that standing there was just a waste of time. Still, he had no intention of leaving.

As far as he was concerned, whether she opened the door was irrelevant to the fact that he was willing to wait for her. He was there to apologize, so he would show his sincerity if nothing else. Shane leaned against the door and started smoking. He finished one cigarette after another. Before long, cigarette butts started gathering on the floor. Just then, his cell phone rang. Shane tossed the cigarette butt away and fished his cell phone out to check the screen. It was a call from Jackson. "What's up?" asked Shane. His voice was a little coarse because he had been smoking for a while. "Shane, aren't you supposed to come to the hospital for a final check-up? Why aren't you here yet?" asked Jackson from the other side of the line. Shane massaged his temple and replied, "I forgot."

He wasn't lying about that.

"Okay. When will you be here, then?" asked Jackson while checking his watch.

Shane turned his head to the apartment and noted how the door was tightly closed. He took

a deep breath and answered, "I won't be heading over today."

"What's wrong?" asked Jackson curiously.

Shane tilted his head up and rested his head against the wall. He was staring at the ceiling

as regret filled his eyes. "I need to apologize to Natalie," answered Shane.

"Apologize?" blurted Jackson in confusion. "What happened? Did you do something to her?"

"No, it's about my parents. I accused my mother-in-law of something she didn't do," replied

Shane calmly.

Jackson sprang up from his seat and said, "What? You accused her?"

"Yeah."

"Wait, that doesn't make sense. How could it have been wrong? Are you sure?" asked

Jackson, whose interest was piqued.

Shane gave Jackson a cliff's note version of everything Natalie told him earlier that day.

Hearing all that stunned Jackson. It took him a while to come back around. He said, "Hang

on, just to be clear. Natalie suddenly regained the memory she lost earlier and told you

everything that had happened in the past. You then went to David's assistant to investigate

the matter and found evidence that someone else was the culprit. Is that right?"

"Yeah," replied Shane while nodding.

Jackson gasped and blurted, "Holy moly, what a twist. I can't believe how wild things had

progressed. I guess the person who sent you that footage intended to break you and Natalie

up. The only question is why. How would the two of you breaking up benefit that person?"



Shane closed his eyes. When he opened them again, they shone with cruelty. He replied, "I'd like to know that, too."

If the person who sent him that footage was his enemy, then they could've just gone after him or Thompson Group.

So why did they have to target Natalie?

"Have you discovered the identity of the person who sent you that footage?" asked Jackson.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 774

Shane shook his head and replied, "Not yet."

"Hey, don't you have a hacker on your payroll? He helped you when Natalie was kidnapped

by Sean, right? Why don't you get in touch with the hacker again? I'm sure he can locate the

person who sent you the footage," suggested Jackson.

Shane narrowed his eyes and replied, "It won't do any good. I've already hired another

hacker to investigate the matter. The trail went cold because the footage was sent from a public router."

"Hmm..." Jackson's lips twitched a little as he commented, "I guess the culprit is pretty vigilant about this."

Shane didn't reply. He didn't know why, but his head was spinning, and his vision was turning blurry.

"Shane, are you still there?" asked Jackson quickly when he noticed that Shane had been keeping quiet for some time.

Shane shook his head to force his mind to clear up a little. "What?"

"No, I was just worried. I thought something had happened because you were quiet for a while there."

"Everything's fine."

“Okay, then. Well, I should go. I have a date with Jacqueline later,” shared Jackson.

Shane murmured a reply before hanging up.

He massaged his head and shoved his cell phone back into his pocket. His head started spinning again, making him feel weak. He couldn't put his cell phone back into his pocket no matter how hard he tried.

In the end, his cell phone slipped out of his grip and fell onto the floor. Shane frowned. He bent down to pick it up.

However, just as he bent down, his vision turned dark completely. He never even touched his phone.

Thud! Shane fell onto the floor and lost consciousness a moment later. Natalie was doing the dishes when she suddenly heard the loud thud. She instinctively paused.

“What was that?” muttered Natalie. She suddenly had a bad feeling about it.

She washed the foam off of her hands and turned around to leave the kitchen. When she saw her kids watching cartoons while sitting on the sofa. she asked, “Kids, did you hear a noise just now?”

“Yeah,” replied Connor while nodding.

Sharon was more descriptive and said, “It sounded like something hit the wall, and it came from that direction.”

The little girl pointed at the door.

Natalie shifted her attention to the door. Worry slowly donned her face.

Was that Shane? It's probably not him if he had already left, but if he had stayed and waited...

Natalie didn't dwell further on her imagination. She hesitated for a while but eventually headed over to the door. She planned on opening the door to investigate the matter and see if Shane was still there.

The two kids turned to one another before they quickly hopped off the sofa and followed along.

Natalie popped her head out after she opened the door. All she saw was an unconscious man on the floor, and that got her expression to change drastically. "Shane!" shouted Natalie before she hurried out to check on the guy. He had a fever, and his head was burning. His breathing was also uneven.

Natalie was both infuriated and worried at that moment.

My gosh, why is he out and about even though he is sick? He even stood here for so long and waited for no reason! Does he not know that the weather is getting chilly?

"Mommy, what's wrong with Mr. Shane?" asked Sharon as she gripped the door. Her eyes were reddened with tears at the time.

"He's fine. He's just down with a fever," replied Natalie, who took some time to soothe her

daughter. After that, Natalie helped Shane up from the floor.

The noise I heard earlier was probably him falling. He's lucky I came in time to check on the situation. If I didn't, he would've been lying there until tomorrow morning.

A guy with fever lying on the cold, hard floor for an entire night? He would've had brain damage even if he somehow survived it.

Thank the heavens I came to check.

Natalie's mind was clear when she came to that conclusion. She helped Shane into the house and tossed him onto the bed before covering him up with the blanket.

"Connor, make the call and get them to send a doctor over," instructed Natalie as she

checked Shane's temperature. The kids had followed her into the room, so she didn't need to shout to get their attention.

Connor nodded and replied, "Got it, Mommy."

After saying his piece, Connor turned around and went to the living room to make the call.

Sharon had always followed Connor around, so naturally, she went with him.

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 775

Natalie shifted her hand from Shane's forehead. Her beautiful face shone with worry.

He's really burning up. It's obvious that he had been sick for a while now. Did no one around him notice it?

Natalie sighed and went to the kitchen to get some ice. She wrapped them up in a towel and

placed them on Shane's forehead to try to lower his temperature.

She hoped that it would ease his suffering a little.

There was nothing else she could do after that. All that was left to do was to wait for the doctor to show up.

Soon, the doctor arrived. He gave Shane a shot and attached the latter to a bag of saline before prescribing a lot of medicine.

Even looking from the side got Natalie to feel nervous. "Doctor, is he okay?" asked Natalie

after seeing how the man on the bed was no longer frowning as much.

The doctor put his things away and informed, "Yes, he'll be fine. His fever should go down by

the time the saline finished dripping into his system. Let him rest well for now. It seems that

his physical state is weakened, and it is likely he has slept little lately.

Coupled that with the

chilly weather, it was only natural that he developed a fever."

He didn't rest well?

Natalie's eyes shone with realization.

So I am not the only one who hasn't had a chance to rest well. He has been tired, too. But I

guess that makes sense. Who would sleep well after everything that had happened?

"Got it. Thank you," said Natalie as she forced a smile on her face. She walked the doctor

out after that.

Then, she returned to the bedroom.

Her kids were taking off their shoes and were climbing onto the beds.

Seeing that got Natalie to put a finger on her lips and whispered to her kids, "Be good. Don't

bother Mr. Shane. He is sick and needs to rest."

"Okay, we won't make any noise. We just want to see how he's doing," replied Sharon as she

sat obediently beside Shane. She was staring at Shane's face when she answered her

mother.

Natalie grinned and replied, "Okay, then come back out soon. Don't disturb him. I'll go finish

cleaning the dishes now."

"Okay," replied the kids, who nodded simultaneously.

Natalie went to the kitchen after that.

It was nine at night when she was finally done with the dishes.

It was the kids' bedtime, but they hadn't left the bedroom yet, so Natalie went in to get them

to shower and sleep.

To her surprise, the first thing she saw when she opened the door was her kids sleeping

soundly lying beside Shane.

Natalie's heart melted when she saw that, but that was soon replaced with sorrow.

She couldn't believe that her kids weren't Shane's.

She sighed slightly, but she didn't wake the kids up. Instead, she let them sleep there.

Shane will definitely sleep until tomorrow morning, and the kids are sound asleep, so they

won't disturb him, anyway.

After coming to that conclusion, Natalie closed the door gently and left the room. She went

to sleep in the kids' room that night.

When Shane woke up the next morning, he saw a cute, chubby face right in front of him.

It was Sharon.

Seeing that he was awake, Sharon jumped out of bed happily and ran out of the room. As

she did so, she called out, "Mr. Shane is up, Mommy!"

The words "Mr. Shane" extinguished the warmth in Shane's eyes and what replaced it was fear.

First Connor, and now Sharon is calling me Mr. Shane, too.

I-I really broke their hearts.

Shane swallowed hard. At that moment, his emotions were down in the dumps.

"You're up?" said Natalie all of a sudden.

Shane sat up and turned to her.

Natalie had a cup of water in her hand, and the kids were with her.

"Are you still having a headache?" asked Natalie as she handed him the cup of water.

Shane shook his head after accepting the water. His voice was coarse when he answered,

"It only hurts a little."

"Drink up," reminded Natalie.

Shane hummed in acknowledgment and drank some water.

It was warm and a little salty.

Shane stared at Natalie curiously.

She answered, "It's only natural that your body will be dehydrated after the whole ordeal. I

put some salt in there to replenish your nutrients."

Shane nodded and said, "Thank you."

"It's nothing," replied Natalie before retrieving the cup. "I've already called Mr. Campbell

earlier this morning. He'll be here to pick you up later. Go freshen up and have some

breakfast. You're supposed to take your medication after eating."